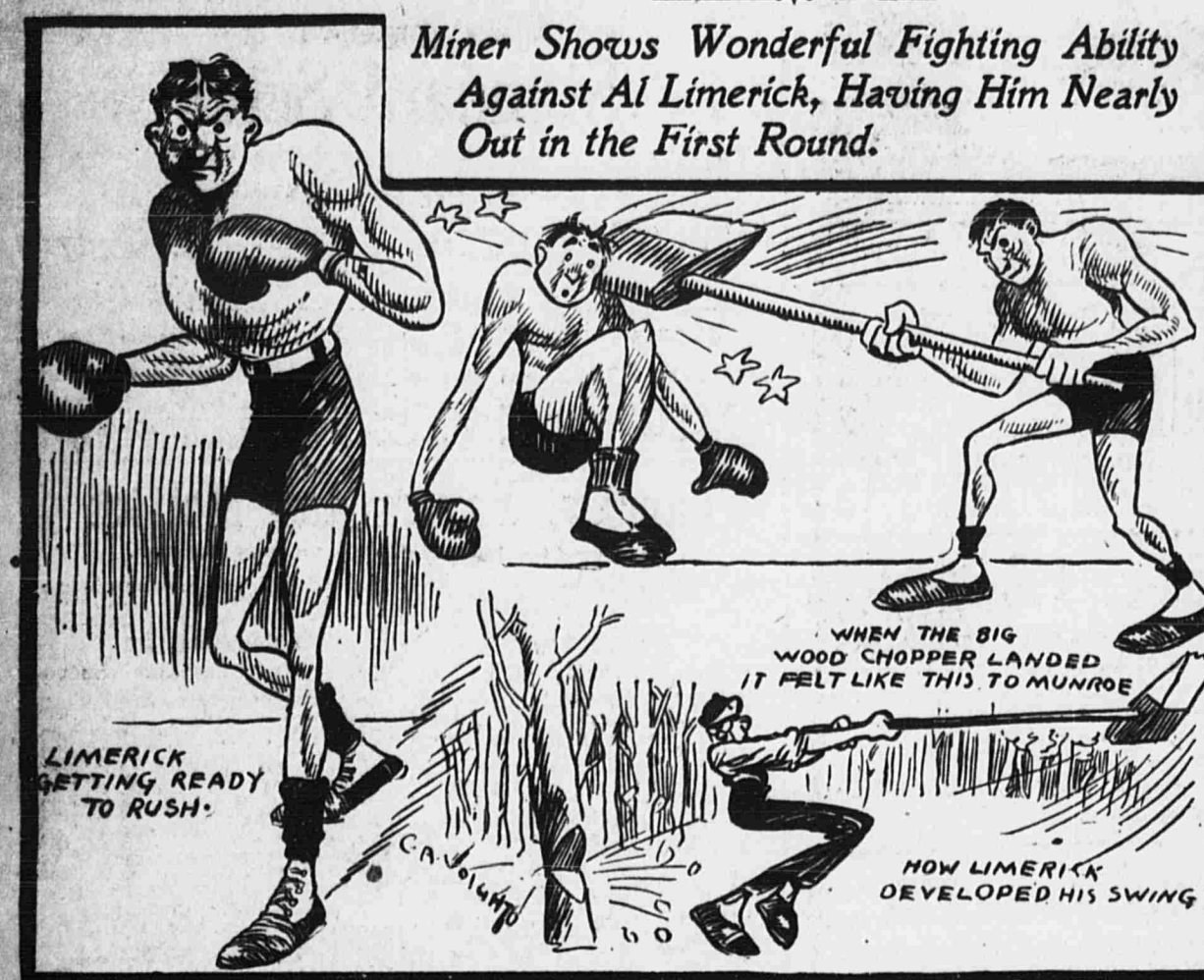
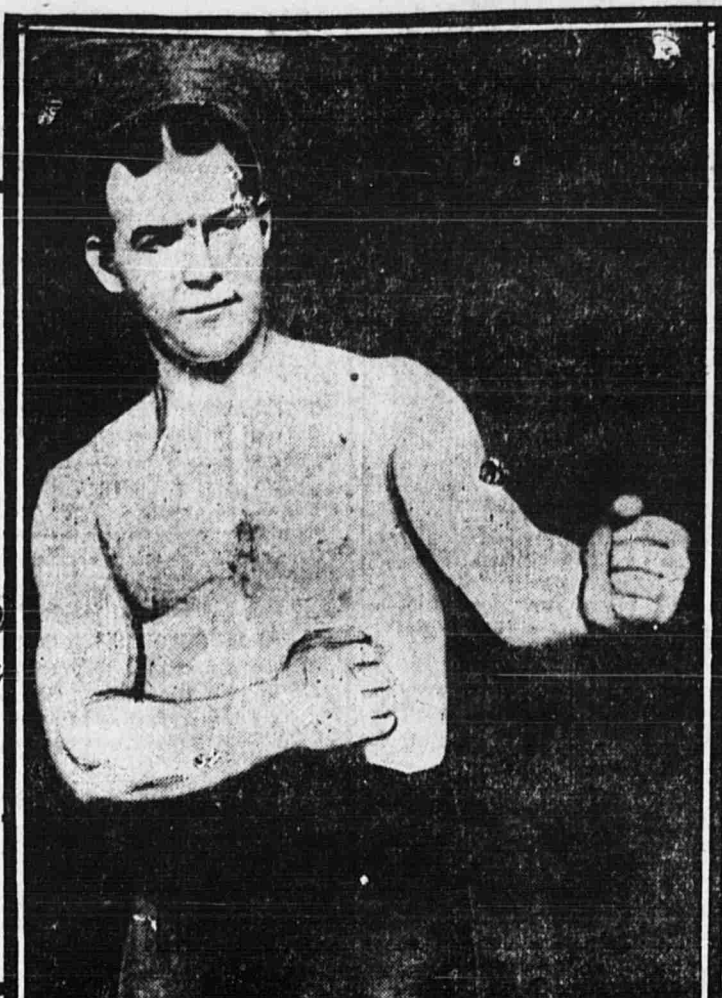


# SPORTING NEWS SPECIALLY REPORTED FOR THE EVENING WORLD.

## JACK MUNROE, WINNER OF LAST NIGHT'S FIGHT, AND A FEW ARTISTIC IDEAS OF ITS PROGRESS AND RESULT



Miner Shows Wonderful Fighting Ability Against Al Limerick, Having Him Nearly Out in the First Round.



Buffalo Giant Was Never in It, and Was on Verge of Knockout When Sponge Went Up in Fourth Round.



### MUNROE BEATS LIMERICK; JEFF WILL NOW MEET HIM

Butte Miner's Slaughter of Al Limerick in Four Rounds Stamps Him Claimant for Big Champion's Consideration.

"I am ready to fight Munroe if any of the 'Prisco clubs will make us a suitable offer. He has certainly proved that he is a fighter."

—Statement by JAMES J. JEFFRIES.

#### BY KNOCKOUT.

(Special to The Evening World.)

BOSTON, Mass., Dec. 16.—Jack Munroe, Montana's massive miner, put another notch in his gun handle last night and, cutting it in, clinched his right to the laurels that don the brow of the world's heavy-weight champion, James J. Jeffries.

"Al" Limerick, Buffalo's gigantic warrior, of the squared circle, reeling before the fearful rushes of the Western giant, battered to the verge of collapse, blood gushing from terrible cuts that slashed his face and neck, standing at bay like a wounded beast of the Spanish bull pits, made a last dying effort to ward off the battering-ram attack of his pitiless adversary.

A fearful right lunged through his guard and sank with a sickening thud into the quivering flesh of his neck.

#### 'Twas Time to Toss the Sponge.

The Bison Goliath tottered, grasped the swaying strand of rope that fell to his nerveless fingers, half sank to his trembling knees and then—

Swish!

A flying sponge cut through the smoke-laden air, glinted in the white glare of sputtering arc lights and fell lightly in the center of the canvas battlefield.

Tom O'Rourke had thrown up the sponge for the Buffalo giant in the middle of the fourth round, and the domed roof of Beantown's Criterion Athletic Club shook to the echo of the shouts that welcomed Munroe's victory.

#### A Terrific Battle, with Munroe Always in Front.

ing in the lead from flag to finish, but a terrible, savage duel to the bitter end. It was a fearful battle, a one-sided one with the Montana miner cantering between two massive twentieth century knights of the canvas-floored inclosure.

Limerick, game as the gritty bulldogs that help make Boston's sporting fame, stood up before a beating that was simply terrific.

Outclassed at every stage of the battle, out to the last ounce before the second round had ticked its way into the past, he battled on blindly, viciously. Bright red blood gushed from a fearful cut over his eye, flowed in a perfect stream down his neck and streaked his knotty, muscled, heaving chest.

Game, with No Chance of Winning.

Time and again carried almost off his feet by the mighty weight of the miner's swings he plunged headlong into the ropes. Time and again Munroe's pile-driving right sank into his stomach and sent him, gasping for breath, reeling across the ring.

It was a hopeless forlorn hope for the ex-woodman. He had as much chance of beating Munroe as a shipwrecked sailor has of rowing across the Atlantic Ocean with a teaspoon, but still he fought gamely on; fought on while the blood leaked into his eyes, blinding him; fought on while the canvas floor of the battle-ground rocked under his feet, and the hoarse shouts of the modern Romans, thirsting for his defeat, rang in his ears like the far away roar of some mighty ocean breaking against a rock-bound cliff.

The Crowd Seemed Heartless.

"Put him out, Jack; put him out!"

The mob that banked the ring side as on its feet in a frenzy of excitement, shouting madly for Limerick's utter annihilation.

It would seem every man Jack of them went there to see a murder.

It wasn't that, but it wasn't as far from it as the Singalong Islands are from the South Sea.

Munroe would have been Christmas plum pudding, with a little New Year's celebration as a chaser, to Mr. Limerick come the battle with him.

"A fighter," he stamped the miner; "every inch of him."

The battle from the first brazen clang of the deep-toned gong to the conclusion of Camp Limerick-O'Rourke went in detail thusly:

### THE FIGHT BY ROUNDS.

ROUND 1.—Limerick immediately led back out of danger. Jack then drove him back to the corner, and watched the battle with him. He tried to smash him, but Munroe stepped aside and a mix-up of a furious

### MORRIS PARK HAS MORE CAPITAL NOW

ALBANY, N. Y., Dec. 16.—The stockholders of the Westchester Racing Association have filed with the Secretary of State a certificate showing an increase of the capital stock from \$100,000 to \$1,500,000.

This increase is doubtless intended to defray the expenses of the new racing plant on Long Island known as Belmont Park, which the stockholders are building at present and which will cost close on to \$2,000,000 when completed.

#### NEW ORLEANS ENTRIES.

NEW ORLEANS, La., Dec. 16.—The entries for to-morrow's races are as follows:

First Race—Selling: six furlongs.   
Escalante ..... 83 Sparrow Cop. .... 84   
Allegretto ..... 85 Symphony ..... 86   
Palladium ..... 87 John Doyle ..... 88   
Palladium ..... 89 Wreath of Ivy ..... 89   
L. Free Knight ..... 90 Short Cake ..... 90

Second Race—Selling: seven furlongs.   
Toga ..... 91 Burning Glass ..... 92   
Toga ..... 93 Nine Spot ..... 93   
Floyd K. .... 94 Pat ..... 94   
Dutch Carter ..... 95 Zetzer ..... 95   
Invincible ..... 96 Homestead ..... 96

Third Race—Pure: one mile.   
Prince of Proxy ..... 97 Laton ..... 97   
Bessie Mae ..... 98 And Trust ..... 98   
Bengal ..... 99 Vol. Tyler ..... 99   
Saffire ..... 100 McWilliams ..... 100

Fourth Race—Mile and a sixteenth: handicap.   
Mauer ..... 101 Huzzah ..... 101   
Saber ..... 102 Bessie Lure ..... 102

Fifth Race—Five furlongs: pure.   
Mrs. Frank Foster ..... 103 Caterpillar ..... 103   
Jesse ..... 104 Miss Rame ..... 104   
Jesse ..... 105 Aladdin ..... 105   
Jesse ..... 106 Little Jk. Horner ..... 106   
Demurrer ..... 107 Overcast ..... 107

Sixth Race—One mile: pure.   
Class ..... 108 Bettette ..... 108   
Sandarach ..... 109 Johnson's Choice ..... 109   
Nanamon ..... 110 Mildred L. .... 110   
Collin George ..... 111 Safety Light ..... 111   
Tova ..... 112

\*Apprentice allowance.

### EVENING WORLD'S DAWN-OF-THE-YEAR FOOTRACE.

FIRST PRIZE, \$25; THREE PRIZES, EACH \$10; THIRTY-NINE PRIZES, EACH \$5.

THE EVENING WORLD will give \$250 in prizes to be competed for by any and every person athletically inclined who cares to enter the Dawn-of-the-Year Footrace from The World's Harlem Office on One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, to the downtown office, on Park Row. It will be a go-as-you-please affair, and all comers will be accepted, amateurs or professionals.

#### ENTRY BLANK FOR DAWN-OF-THE-YEAR FOOTRACE.

Please enter my name as a starter in The Evening World's Dawn-of-the-Year Footrace.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

Fill out this blank and send it to The Evening World, when you will be sent a number to wear in the race, with full instructions regarding the details of the great event. Address your entry to FOOTRACE EDITOR, EVENING WORLD, NEW YORK CITY.

nature ensued, Munroe excelling. They then clinched and Referee Donnelly had to separate them, after which Limerick landed his right on Munroe's body. Limerick tried for the head with his right, but Munroe ducked cleverly. Munroe then shot two rights to the body and Limerick was plainly worried. Limerick jabbed Jack lightly on the face, and he retaliated with a smashing left swing to the solar plexus.

Limerick in a Bad Way.

This punch put Limerick in a bad way, and he was the recipient of many swings and jolts for the remainder of the round. His hugging carried him through, although a left smash to the jaw nearly put him to sleep as the bell rang. His seconds carried him to his corner and they worked strenuously on him to get him ready for the next round.

ROUND 2.—Limerick responded quickly and showed the good effects of his handling during the minute's respite. He sprung like a kitten to the center, but Munroe stopped his feisty actions by smashing his right and left to the body. Munroe bore in and then smashed away with both hands for the jaw, landing with dire force. Limerick then sent his right to Munroe's heart, but there was no steam back of the blow.

Munroe came back with a snappy left to the stomach that sent Limerick wobbling. Jack followed this up by smash-

ing away indiscriminately, and it was then apparent that the fight would not last long. A clinch followed. Limerick clinging on to save himself. Breaking away, Munroe sent a left hook to jaw, stepped back, and then came in with a left jab which knocked Limerick's head back and started the claret from his nose.

Limerick Hugs to Save Himself.

Limerick now held at every opportunity. Munroe sent snappy after-smash to the jaw and body. Limerick trying to curl up and crouch on one end of the ring to the other. The wound was nearly three inches in length.

ROUND 3.—Limerick responded very much fatigued and ran into a vicious right hook. Munroe sent snappy after-smash to the jaw and body. Limerick trying to curl up and crouch on one end of the ring to the other. The wound was nearly three inches in length.

Limerick Knocked Through Ropes.

With a savage left to the point of the chin he sent the bulky lumberer sprawling to the mat and nearly through the ropes. Some of the on-lookers pushed him back, however, and after he regained his feet he was driven against the ropes again with a sledge-hammer blow that made him see stars. Munroe beat him from one end to the other of the ring, and Limerick could not lift his hands to protect himself.

The crowd yelled to stop it, but at this juncture Tom O'Rourke, who landed Limerick, seeing that his man was hopelessly beaten, tossed the sponge into the ring in acknowledgment of defeat.

Dan Donnelly, who refereed, then parted the men and gave his decision to Munroe. Cut, bleeding and dazed, Limerick was carried to his corner and there revived. He saw many traces of the terrific struggle, but he was liberally applauded for his game stand-

ous mix-up ensued in which Limerick was gashed over the eye, from which a crimson stream flowed which deigned both Limerick and Munroe. Dripping with gore, Limerick was battered from one end of the ring to the other. The wound was nearly three inches in length.

Munroe then sent a right to body and a left hook to jaw. A fierce battle was waged in Munroe's corner as the gong rang.

ROUND 4.—Limerick responded very much fatigued and ran into a vicious right hook. Munroe sent snappy after-smash to the jaw and body. Limerick trying to curl up and crouch on one end of the ring to the other. The wound was nearly three inches in length.

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### FELTZ AND MARTO WENT THE LIMIT

(Special to The Evening World.) PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Dec. 16.—The prospects of a fast fight drew a fair-sized crowd to the Southern Athletic Club last night where Tommy Feltz, the little fighting machine, met Johnny Marto, the Italian bootblack from New York, in a six-round bout.

The crowd was not disappointed, as one of the most furious and hardest battles that were ever seen in this city between feather-weight took place. The boys fought at catch weight and Marto was slightly heavier. From the tap of the gong to the last bell the boys kept at it constantly, and much blood was spilled.

Marto was looked upon as a sure winner on account of his recent victories over "Young Mississippi," but he was compelled to fight all he knew to hold his own, despite the fact that Feltz has not been doing any fighting lately. Feltz was in good condition and put up a wonderful battle.

The opening round was a clinker and was slightly Feltz's. Marto, however, was there. In the second Feltz brought the claret in streams from Marto's nose. Feltz began to display his old-time form in the third and landed some telling blows. The boys were a little tired in the fourth round and did not fight so fast.

The fifth round was a horrible shape from the jab he received. The last round was a furious affair and ended with the boys fighting like demons.

Marto, owing to his inexperience, deserves great credit for the battle he put up against his opponent, but it was clearly shown that Feltz was his master.

The preliminaries were all good and, with two exceptions, went the limit.

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### AMERICAN LEAGUE WILL GO BACK TO OLD FOUL STRIKE

Johnson Doesn't Care What National League Does—New Rule Has Not Been a Success, in His Opinion.

According to President Johnson, the club owners and managers in the American League are a unit in opposing the foul-strike rule.

"We gave the new rule a fair trial last season," says Johnson, "and we found it unsatisfactory. At this meeting of the League we will vote to return to the old rule governing balls and strikes. I understand that the National League intends to stick to the new rule. The American League has always been willing to meet the National League on the question of uniform playing rules. But we cannot, and we will not, stand for their foul-strike rule."

Will Add to League's Friction.

This announcement from the official head of the American League will not prove pleasant reading for the National League magnates and will add to the friction which now exists between the two organizations.

A stenographic report of the annual meeting of the American League, which will be held in Chicago to-morrow, would make interesting reading.

Johnson will for the first time give out his plans for the future policy of the League not only as to changes in the circuit, but also the methods he intends to employ in dealing with the National League. Johnson's aggressive policy will receive the backing of at least seven of the eight clubs in the circuit.

For the last two years Johnson has been working under cover on his scheme to reorganize the American circuit by taking in Cincinnati and St. Louis and dropping Detroit and Washington. Evidently he believes that the trick can be turned before the world is a year older, and next season the American League leaders will devote all their time and talents to perfecting the big deal.

Magnates Pick Their Own Teams.

At the recent meeting of the National Manager Frank Seale, of the Chicago Club, sprung this novel problem on a group of wise ball men.

"If you had your pick of all the players in the two big leagues," said Seale, "how would you make up your team?"

"Well, just tell me," answered Ned Hanlon, "the decision of the men you would pick up for Chicago."

"Here is the team I'd hand out to Chicago, and the decision is based on the pennant without half trying," replied Seale. "My pitching staff would consist of McGlinchy and McWhorter, New York; Welmer and Wicker, of Cincinnati; Bill Donovan, of Detroit; and Dinness, of Boston. First base, Croiger and Sullivan; third base, Chance; second base, Leary; left field, Fred Clarke; center field, Beaumont; right field, Donovan."

"That's a pretty fair team," said Hanlon, "but it would not be invincible. I think I could match it, but I will take a week off to figure out the make-up of my team."

Reserve Rule Enforced.

Apocryphal of the working of the rulings of the National Baseball Commission, on the decision handed down yesterday by President Gary Herrmann not only puts a bad crimp in the plans of the Detroit Club, but also demonstrates the American League's intention to enforce the reserve rule by every letter. The case in point was the commission's refusal to accede to the pitcher's request for release from the reserve list of the Detroit Club. Kissinger, who brought the case before the National Commission.

at the next boxing show of the Chicago A. A. on Saturday, Dec. 26.

St. Louis Bats Boxing.

The police authorities of St. Louis have put the kibosh on boxing in that city. The objection raised by the church men was responsible for the action of the police. As a result, the bouts between Abe Attel and Harry Forbes and Johnny Younger and Stubby McPadden, which were to come off shortly, have been declared off for the present.

McClelland Trains for Reeder.

Jack McClelland, the Pittsburgh feather-weight, whose bout with Tommy Mottaw, of Chicago, was called off by the latter's manager, has begun training for his coming bout with Jimmy Reeder, of Latona, Pa., which will be decided at Greengarden, Pa., Dec. 27. They will battle for ten rounds at 125 pounds.

Love Has Another Fight On.

Tommy Love, the Quaker City feather-weight, who was beaten so closely by Chester Goodwin, of Boston, in Philadelphia on Saturday night, has succeeded in getting on another match. He has been signed to meet Tommy Feltz, of South Brooklyn, in fifteen rounds before the Bursas A. C., of Baltimore.

Bill Stitt, the hard-hitting middle-weight fighter of Chicago, and John White, another of the big slugs of the Windy City, gave some matched to 17 conclusions in a six-round bout.

Friday night will be another busy one in pugilistic circles. Three bouts are down on the card for decision that night. "Philadelphia Jack" O'Brien will meet Jim Driscoll, of Chicago, for six rounds in the latter city; George Cole, of Trenton, will fight Billy Woods, of California, for twenty rounds, at the Acme Athletic Club, of Sacramento, Cal., and Eddie Santry will take on Maurice Byrnes, of Chicago, for six rounds, at Milwaukee.

"Corbett" Trains on Ball Field.

Young Corbett, the feather-weight champion, is doing considerable baseball playing these days while preparing for his coming bout with Eddie Hanlon. "Corbett" practices two hours each day at the national game, and claims that it has been the means of rounding him up into the good condition in which he is at present. Harry Tullih, who is training "Corbett," says that the "Kid" will be in better shape for this fight than he was the night he fought McGovern.

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